



INAPPROPRIATED EXPRESSED

Anti-

T.F. UIF

#?

October 102/2018

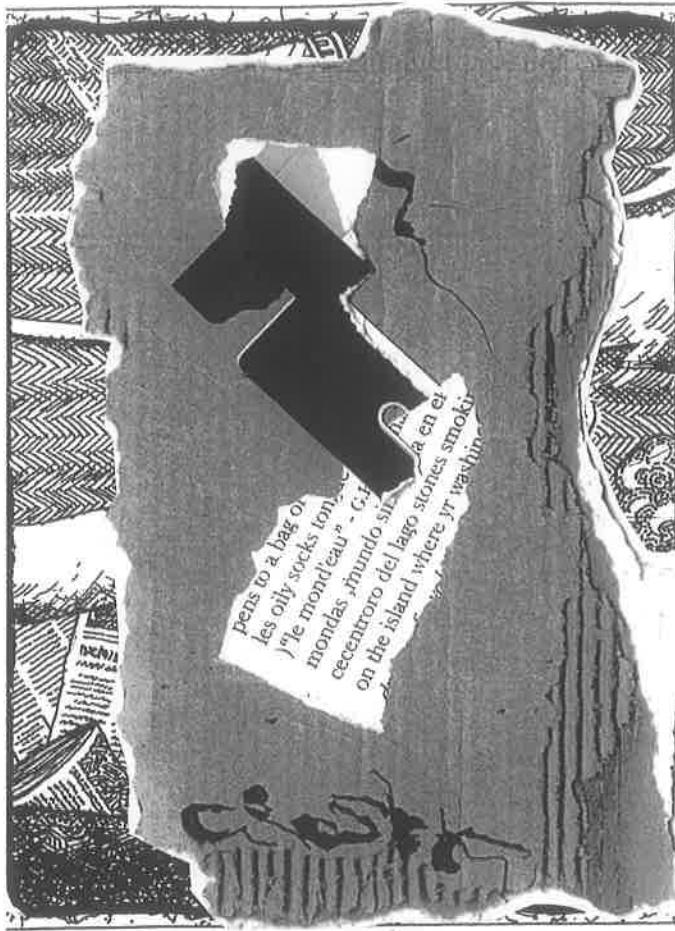
I'm claustrophobic Issue.

The IN-APPROPRIATED PRESS #13

A Zine of Weird Shit & letters'n shit for Roanoke's Anti-Community (shit)
and their weird friends around the world



monocle-Lash Anti-Press
A.Da.102 / A.H. 182



Geof Hendricks
1931 - 2018 Passed Into Text

Harlan Ellison
1934 - 2018 Passed Into Text

Published Despite Your Desires to the Contrary

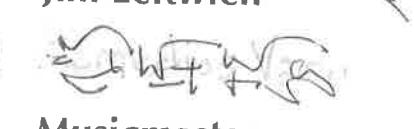
in Roanoke, Virginia

Oct., A.Da. 102/A.H. 188

(2018 A.D. depending on your chronological priorities)



Jim Leftwich



Keith Johnstone

Sir Chad Niral-Nelson

Bradley Chriss

John M. Bennett

Anonymous Blakes



Wilheim Katastrof

Olchar E. Lindsann

Chloe Harnett-Hargrove



...this was no ordinary side trip to bonus land.

The reversal of reality had caused me
to flip-out loud! As the cannabinolose slowly broke
the sound burier, I felt as if my mind was
expanding faster than the universe!

The only problem with Delta 9 was its flavor...

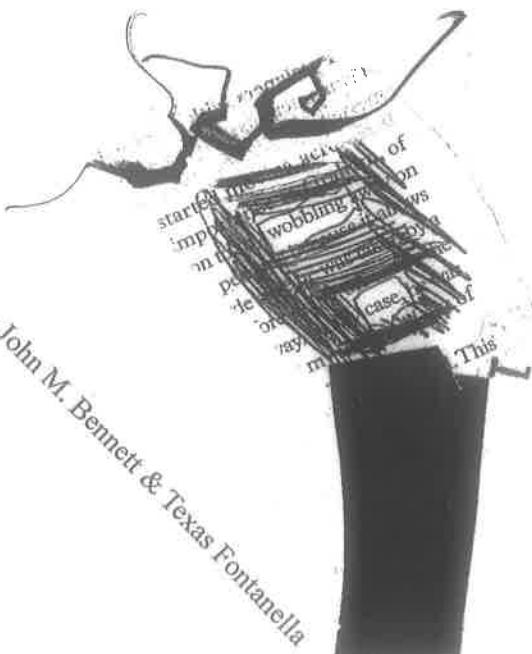
Shortly after I began moving slide-wise
I stumbled into a God damned Pink Panzer parade,
of all fucking things, coming face to face with
the ugliest metro gnome I'd ever seen...
although, to his credit, he was wearing
a cool-as-hell "Omnium Gatherum" tee shirt.

"My name is Heefa Addelol," he said,
puffing on a coro silk cigarette,
"and you must shake a tower
before she'll give Ma sausage."

I knew right then and there that Captain Fangaroo
had just turned *K2 P. Brain* scott free...
I cried and cried and cried.

Even mo' sho' 'nuff good ice cream,
liver mutch, and exx.

LORD FUGUE -2nd revision 5/30/2015



by John M. Bennett & Texas Fontanella



APR 20 2018

– by Jim Leftwich & John M. Bennett



by Steve Dalachinsky

for AVYER
by Steve Dalachinsky

IM bi be ebb ib mi
the breath the wild breath
black breath recurrent spirit of X spot
circulating

here carpet black wall BLACK / WHITE
lit stage pale grey black audience

pale white around edges
pale red lights show the flesh
receding toward the back > BLACK

the splotches of white flesh
black walls black music
played by white flesh

wild breath
black healing speaker in black

black as an ancient RIVER

flowing thru a valley of stars

breath black within the free black hole
of FREEDOM

dark as cotton shadows

what is the dress code for philosophy?
what is the dress code for poetry?
what is the dress code of fraternity?
what is the dress code for equality?

the shadow its heat a tongue
brief letter E in lightless
grass blank toys and water
mark your buried knives

were heads shapeless ears a
rain map exhales yr book of
windows clock wheels
sleeping inches from the wall

aphasia's wind speech
worms dancing in a body
box of burning alphabets

silhouettes spin in parentheses
doubled syntax missing your
marble doubt an inky flag dissolves

calavera de maracuyá

hearts and hands skull surround
maracuyá el ojo abierto cómete el
jarabe agríduel sesos y semillas

blue dress on a line before a
beach is your tongue opening a
door is a rabbit holding a pen the
paper your feet wet

LEN gg U A
a
s
t
a
da

pinches plosivos ddice gggagar Ente
mosquito más grande que
mi cahbecita cabecacita
nodarkmatterno dark matternodarkmatter
a city floods I buried my face in flowering dung

“UN FUTUR ANTÉRIEUR D'AUJOURD'HUI”
- Yvan Mignot



drowned on the boat a squalling
innertube erases all the letters yr

name not seen a dreaming
phone ,shrieking disappears
into yr pocket sticky coins
rotting passion fruit caconamination

)maintenant(————— je n'ai que vent de sang

At the end of his life Franz Kafka was intending to move to Palestine and open a kosher deli with his girlfriend (her father, a zionist did not approve)...his dream however was never fulfilled, due of course to his overly painful chokingly early demise.. The following is what his menu might have looked like. (All dishes are based on titles of Kafka's stories and, novels.)

*Recombinant distorted condensation of
Franz Kafka's Stories 92-100*

| | |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| Metamorphosis |Stuffed Cabbage |
| Penal Colony |Kasha Varnishkas |
| The Castle |Triple Decker - Rolled Beef, Grilled Bologna & Chicken Salami |
| The Trial |Salami & Eggs |
| A Hunger Artist |Hot Dog With Nothing in It |
| Letter To My Father |Sliced Tongue On Rye With Seeds |
| Judgment |Gefilte Fish With Horse Radish |
| A Country Doctor |Matzo Ball Soup |
| A Fratricide |Chopped Eggs & Chopped Liver With Chicken Fat |
| The Bucket Rider |Chicken In The Pot |
| The Burrow |Mushroom Barley Soup |
| The Great Wall Of China |Kosher Chop Suey |
| Chinese Puzzle |Kosher Egg Roll |
| Josephine the Singer & Mouse Folk |Side Order of Challah Bread, Pickles & Slaw |
| The Tower Of Babel |Chicken Fricassee |
| Mt. Sinai |Double Knockwurst Platter |
| The Animal In | |
| The Synagogue |Rumanian Tenderloin Steak |
| The Building of | |
| The Temple |Bagels & Lox with Cream Cheese |
| Coming of The Messiah |Boiled Flanken |
| Abraham |Twin Double, Hot Pastrami & Hot Corned Beef On Club |
| Paradise 1 |Potato Latkes with Apple Sauce |
| Paradise 2 |Fresh Delicious Pineapple Kugel, or Blueberry Cheese Blintzes |
| Investigation of A Dog |Knoblewurst & Liverwurst Platter |
| Description of a Struggle |Jellied Calves Feet |
| The Warden of The Tomb |Four Juicy Finger Steaks Marinated In Our Special Sauce With Egg Barley & Vegetable |
| Blumfeld | |
| An Elder Bachelor |A Side of Baked Beans |
| A Wish To Be | |
| A Red Indian |A Side of Red Peppers (Hot & Sweet Mixed) |
| An Old Manuscript |Halvah |
| The Green Dragon |Tossed Green Salad |

Desserts

| | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Before The Law |Pareve Cheese Cake |
| The Sirens |Assorted Rugalach |
| The Invention of The Devil |Chocolate Devil Food Cake |

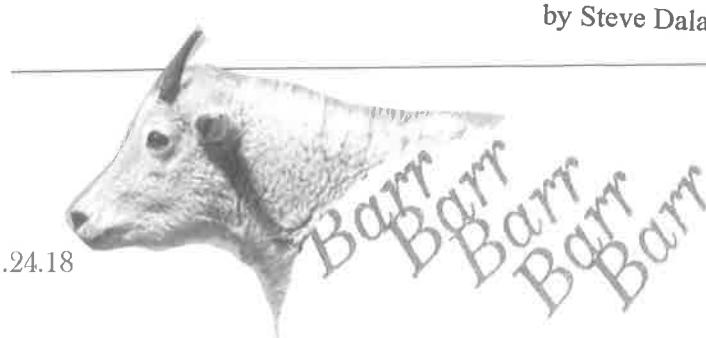
Beverages

| | |
|-------------------------|--|
| A report To The Academy |Chocolate, Vanilla, or Coffee Egg Cream |
| Parables |Assorted Doctor Brown Sodas |

Special of The Day:

| | |
|---------|---|
| AMERIKA |Open Smorgasbord & Salad Bar All You Can Eat for A Shekel ... |
|---------|---|

by Steve Dalachinsky



Lessons from Keith Johnstone

How Fundamentals of Improvised Theatre can Help Us Deal with Entitlement and Privilege in Our Revolution of the Every Day

Dear reader,

I'm glad to finally be undertaking this writing project, one that I've been thinking about for some time now. Over the course of the next unknown number of issues of the inappropriated press, I aim to serialise an essay introducing you to the work of Keith Johnstone, the originator of improvised theatre (impro). I believe that his work has the potential to do so much more for us than to help birth an endless number of improvised theatrical spectacles of questionable value. I believe concepts he developed have application off the stage as a set of tools for understanding how power and entitlement are embedded within our everyday use of language, and explain how with some practice we can begin using these tools to challenge everyday power where we find it -- Let's face it folks, the revolution will not be televised, the revolution is already here. the revolution of the everyday is here and it's going on everywhere around us all of the time.

Part 1

Have you ever had someone you know and love, or someone you know and like at least somewhat, or maybe someone you don't really know all that well but that you see fairly regularly (perhaps from work) that you feel vaguely obliged to/are interested in/are dominated by, or someone you don't know at all whom suddenly bursts forth from a crowd during a fringe festival and thrusts a flyer out at you with dramatic flair and awkward dick/vag energy, or perhaps a group of 2 or 3 someones you'd rather not know wearing shabby clothes attempting the barest minimum of what could possibly be called fancy dress, who stand listlessly outside a shitty looking bar on a nondescript, nearly deserted street on a bitterly cold and windy day, whom are incapable of summoning up the proper motivation to invite you inside, but then just as you are about to venture off to somewhere better you notice the sandwich board advertising drinks on 2 for 1 special, and by the time you're inside and have ordered the first drink and gotten your token for the second, you realise to your horror that the local amateur impro group is performing and it's too late to retreat from the ensuing -- what the fuck is it even? It's not exactly acting -- there's no proper timing or staging, the props are imagined -- designed and described to the audience one minute and apparently forgotten or disregarded and walked through the next. The best you could hope for as far as content during the show might be something like this: a would be femme fatale speaking with completely unnecessary and very poor accent, a cringe enducing homophobe/racist/sexist goon, and an emotionally vacant aspergers sufferer all standing on stage looking at their shoes mumbling as they attempt to collaboratively generate lines of doggerel. The only good moments come in when there are fuck ups and accidents, like if an impatient slob with a deep brooklyn accent were to suddenly rush in on the scene, declare himself to be Rambo, make *Doof!* *Doof!* *Doof!* noises as he fires off his imaginary .50 calibre rifle at the other players, who stare back at him with dull eyes or confused exasperation until the showrunner comes out to remind the troop's newest player in that overly pleasant singsong voice that his "offer," whatever that is, didn't really fit with the current scene.

Dear reader, have you ever experienced something like what I have just described and lived to tell the tale? When it comes right down to it, the vast majority of improvised theatre is something like one of those adult colouring-in books; an experience that may be enjoyable to the participants, but is not always so great for the audience when you try to share it with them.

discoveries that ailments bring (a near death excursion).

i am rolled in on a gurney & placed next to a small crumpled body beside the toilet. i am on my back. the tin panels on the ceiling are dented. "poor workmanship", i mutter as i think of agnes martin. then donald judd. it's so tiring needing to, trying to, be both humorous & profound all the time. the I.V. is hooked up and i have become part of this earth. my back tightens. locks into an arch of miserable excruciating HURT.

iam finally brought into a room. it could be any room in any hospital on earth or on Mars for that matter. the room is a bridge. what is the process of a recall? i am a letter that can be placed anywhere within a set of letters to form or not form a word which can eventually create a sentence. a thought. a possible bridge. take the letter B for example: such a trip this story could take on a cold wintry morning if only it had all its limbs. it only needs an ending. they want to reform me. by doing this they claim that they might even cure me. next week my life will be changed forever. i will shed some virility. not care about how many homeruns i hit. try to find a simple solution to keeping myself safe while my body is being invaded from within and without. balanced & unfair. i will try to survive above the bizarre real & fake poverty level that is my LIFE hindered up until now only by my MIND. the lots are drawn way in advance as some of us indeed move into the category of antique. paradise = skymiles. palm trees & a gentle breeze. stars too numerous to name.

my identity is that of a truncated & sampaied bony aimed hungry vessel, or, conversely, there is a brew suspended in my colon. the room fills with slats of sunlight filling up the whole seat of infinity, me so aware of my finite self. i circumference the entire city & would not the sun but rather that i fight & kill in its defense i lie passive but not pensive. the doctor talks about christo wrapping central park & i mention the wraps i ordered for lunch. this ready-eat i swallow tastes like sweet lassi made a by cab driver who's been lost in the wrong neighborhood for approximately zero minutes. it's a tuna wrap thought i prefer veal. and i wish i were back downtown & less aware of this soft tissue facial brain extremity which i realize is still me.

last night i dreamt that i made the front page when i decided to speak to the president about the scale of weightless ironies by the axis of evil, impending wars & the burden of never-ending poverty. i also managed to sneak in a bit of my own personal needs.

to be given a clean slate before the slate has been cleaned gives one even for a brief moment of relief, a new longer lasting effect even if temporary, no delay, ancient tombs fly open, tripp at its best is at rest, somewhere inside i am glowing, my bones are showing their age, day breaks on the funeral home's awning, winter moves away the way some of us carry our lives, the real estate keeps rising, which is worse nuclear holocaust or nuclear medicine? my bones will be scanned like a map left behind by ancient astronauts, my aging bones a bit of nostalgia & a search that is never-ending.

this surplus liquid (etting from the water closet (me) & the protocol calls of the elders of RX is scaring the crap out of me. i feel more like a flow sheet than a question or relative i somehow remind people of. my life at this point consists partially of soil, juice, dinner, lunch & worries. i'm a little worried things can & do happen so i attempt, try to ask less

questions & therefore receive less information. farm-acy = acres of pills harvested & what i am thinking is that we need more pharmacists. i should order a low fat diet tho in this hospital that would be very hard. another thing as style. the way the screenings are done. the way things in general are done. like the right medication, classification, vacation, drawing pictures - drawing blood - antagonist's blood - sample call this problem not a problem but something squeezed right out of ones flesh but not 100% sure and not for all patients. it's not restricted either there's just these timed things like: like to start too early high blood pressure anxiety of being late. timing of meals - injection after 1 hr. water after 2 hrs. juice after 4 hours. call me if you need anything i am told. then told NO YOU ARE NOT AT RISK. then asked if i'm comfortable w/that SMOCK. then i think: i must order more fat diets.

(the last sentence is written in parentheses)

some foreign guy is cleaning the room. he's been rustling plastic garbage bags for about 5 minutes. it seems like 5 centuries. i am reconstructed cosmeticized dry eyes. tired. weepy. echoee. disordered. my bladder is full & the demon that is zero tolerance is insisting i rise up but unlike lazarus i go from life to LIFE & it is not a pretty picture. yes heartache can really break hearts. i've seen it myself. seen a real broken heart at least once. i need bad news. papers to feed me words & heighten my worries. there is little to imagine when the room is bland, empty, sleepy, chronic, anxious. i am an experiment so there is always some risk involved. the only thing i drink too much of now is water. though one can never drink enough water. i have become water. am water. pain. earth. pass thru me.

what properties are contained in a cat scan? what is contained w/in the slats of an atlas of continents actually more like my contents. i drink the fizzy stuff & am told not to burp. it's like orange flavored alka seltzer. i drink a lot of it thru a straw sideways. everything i taste has the same kool aid flavor never much liked kool aid. later the doctor & i concur that someone somewhere has gotten very rich from this flavor. i am pumped w/ 100cc's of clear iodine & am told i may experience a *warm* sensation. nothing at first but then my penis & groin expand like the world. warmed by lava as it spreads beneath the skin before an eruption occurs. & i become part of the earth. & am moved for a moment tho just as quickly back to my body again. but the eruption never occurs. the room is air-conditioned. i am the world as an open house. a program guided by trust of nothing more than the simple elegance of "*I AM IN THEIR HANDS NOW!*", so i travel on my back to nowhere. holding my breath when i am told to. breathing when i am told to. i have become a forum for medicine. medicine itself. a thespian. as we all must be. an ultimate wild vale of intestines. freed from my shivers. my feet are under the covers so that the bogey man cannot grab me & pull me under the bed & toward my eventual doom. i've never had a comfortable bed or a comfortable sleep. i did, however, stop myself from crossing over a couple of times. there is a long corridor & at it's end a vertical rectangle consumed by bright light. i am drawn to it - "that's not death" i think chuckling & burping at last.

steve dalachinsky nyc

Once in Elem. school I was
Swinging during
recess. The ending

whistle
sounded
and I
leapt
from
the swing
in mid
air,
knuckles grazing against chain.

Lined up, I
glanced down
to find my
nail beds torn
and bloodied.

Misplaced pain shot through

my
hands
at that
moment
and all

I could do was turn
around and around in
line to keep myself
under control. Back in

class, I
rinsed
off my
hands

and the slick
carmine shown on the
sink beside the crayons.

by Chloe Harnett-Hargrove

Valley o eeee

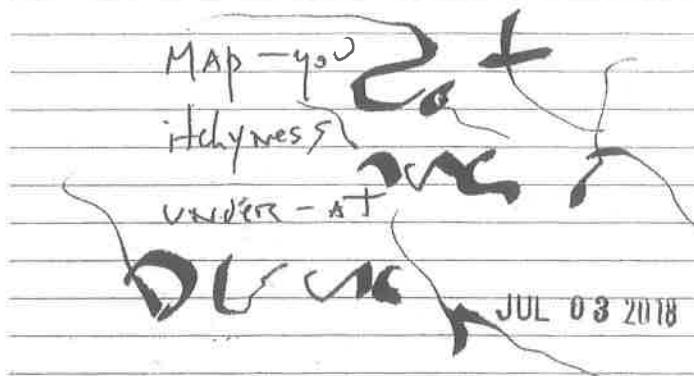
“ ore important to know that death is anguish
than that it is horri ”
– Paul Kornfeld, ‘Epilogue to the Actor’

“ x words engineered to resonate
with human cell structures pro ”
– Grant Morrison, *The Invisibles*, III, 7.

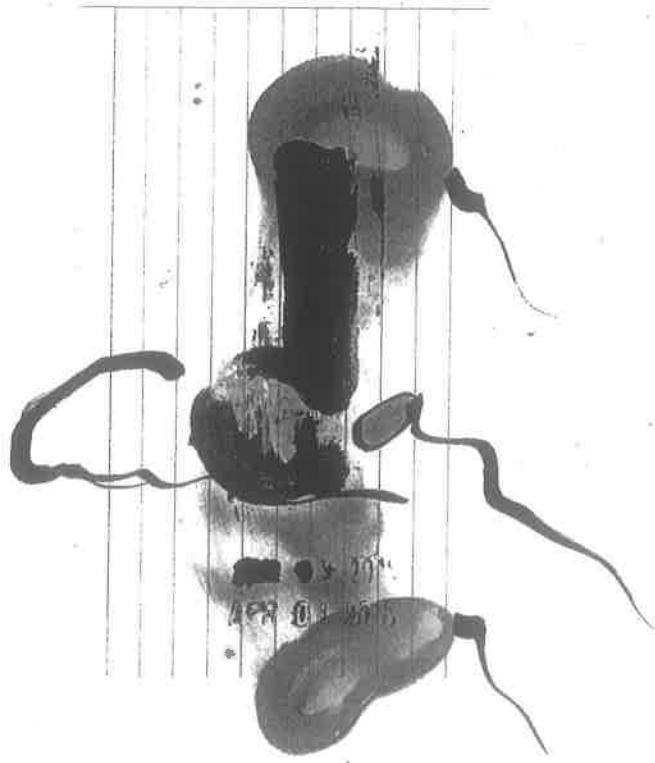
deep ea valley o, with
bleary teeth iao flat, u
guishy a juniper e o i
slapping flimsy nazgul grease with oyster rovers aaaaa
keen o drilling daath
i yak-block tensed ui
quiver ee undertone
normally the net squirrel fender metastasizes obtuse iii
Pulling uu files a iui e
iiia gurggle o pendulum
i~~~uu oi i aoi ee~~~i
chh fithng wth chtc nrgy

where o ere o porto ,u
neerge ie ructu, eso a
filbert gnats flummoxing e forge ye breathe or gap 000
uuu iii uuu iii bluebird
plashing in eee, a soup

Jul 03 2018
Jungle Vult: zinA nuehT Tjulemu Auu:



– by Jim Leftwich & John M. Bennett



Prophecy of the ending of the District of Columbia and its inevitable zombification:
Or the necessity of art and hoodoo becoming one.

I.

Listen UP!

There was a tremendous fire.
A million smells of an ending wafted up into and onto all of our shit.
As the ground shook, we laughed.
As the ground shattered, we laughed.
As the sky caught fire, we laughed.
We found a million new ways to laugh, as unique as a snowflake and as multiplied as static.

II.

A tremendous reflection that appears as a portal that had summoned itself so long ago, that contains the whispers of so many ghosts, that contains the whispers of so many desires, shattered into three pieces and so was the heart of Columbia seen for itself, but no one could travel beyond the splintered lines of the reflection portal, and our loves sank into tar pits filled with old odiferous insides of tomorrows filled with all of the stank of everything crammed in like a sausage.
As the portal sank into damnable muck of yesternews, we laughed as is our wont.

When we could no longer see any of Columbia any longer, as the fires faded, as the fissures were filled by this muck, as the muck digested the portals, we laughed as is our w-nt.

A tremendous void was born, a darkness having had no boundary, appearing with a depth to make the night sky jealous, and we laughed as is our want.

As our laughters filled this new forever void, we found our ways to one another. Our laughters joined and took a new shape of a silver sphere and burrowed its way into the mucky void of yesternews. Now, our laughter was no longer just ours, and it was no longer a way to find one another, it had inhabited something and began itself as something and we stood in the mucky void, wondering how, if ever, were we going to find our way out of this realm of non-sense, of un-sense, of no-sense, as I can see there weren't even smells anymore amidst this void, and I wish we could know if we were shaking or standing firm, however we were in a place of non-un-no-sense.

III.

Then we couldn't even believe it.

All of a sudden a tremendous body,
It had no face.
It had no name.
It had no genitals.

It had all genitals.
Pushed its silver skinless body
Through that damnable muck
And inhaled so deeply that
The muck,
We couldn't even believe this, that
The muck
Was swept right up

Into
Right
Up
Into
That
Tremendous body
The remaining space was filled with us
And some kind of pale blue
And lemon yellow
It was so bright and the
Tremendous body
Was so reflective that we had a hard time telling
What
From
What

by Bradley Chriss

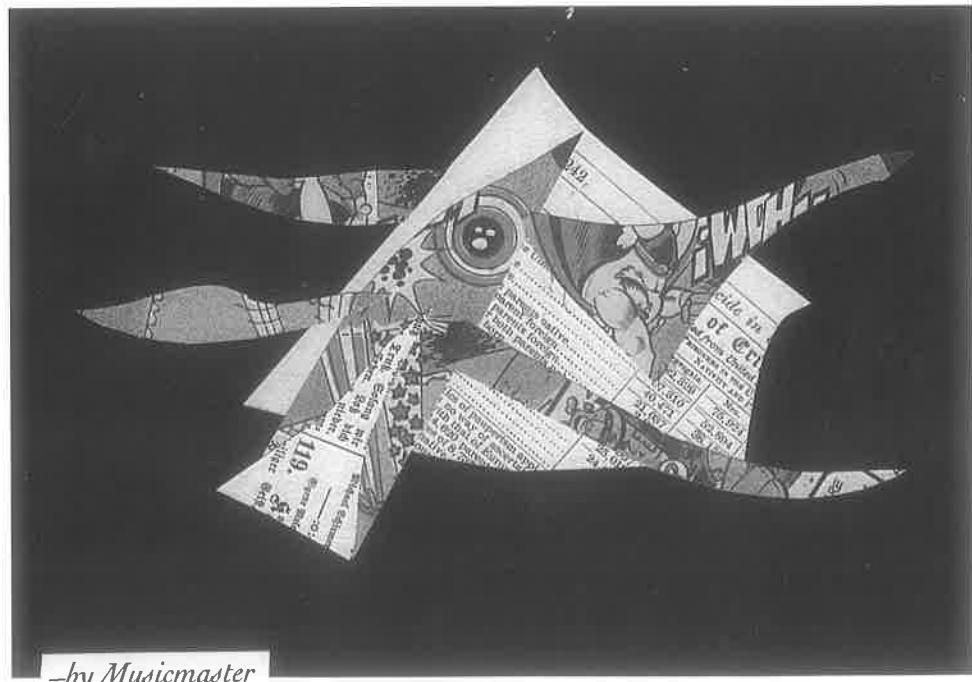
~LENgUA~

ojosesoojosesoojo
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sesoojosesoojoseso
ojosesoSUDOseseoojo~
sesoojosesoojoseso
ojosesoojosesoojo
sesoojosesoojoseso
ojosesoojosesoojo

~TIjERAS~

X
o X o

Vim Vom
Vim Vom
Vim Vom



—by Musicmaster

by John M. Bennett

John M. Bennett

s weep the ants a wa ve

ssky
em bed ded inn er
s lake a wal k

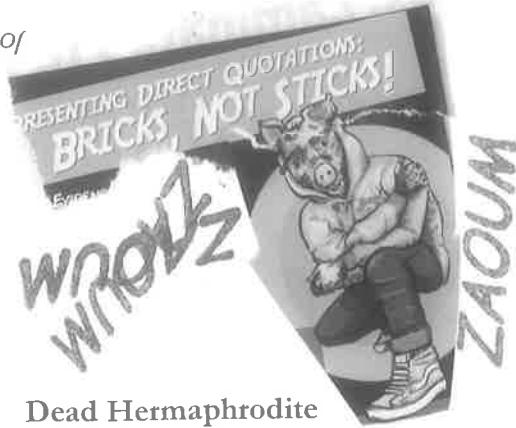
shapeless leg wind
pluma pendí entre
pulga

mi jeta deenfatica
~~~ embedst ida es

yr shad owed s ink  
in es encita f lag  
dr ink

engiine floods  
ENIGAS TICK  
swo ll ind

cacarretera



### Dead Hermaphrodite

for Bradley Chriss

wedged in rocks its skin soft and dying like mouldmoss

like a pillar in a pit

headbent limbspray

at the apex of the air that ate it

its pillar its pit

seething with the pinpricks of my eyes or of maggots

like something chokestuck

as it emerged to blink light

a dead word tailing from its lips

...nueht...

in italics and strangled

as if a burrowrat squeezed the tongue

with the strongest lever on my body i forced the throat's door

the bloodthread italic wound round the tonsils

the tongue littered with spitcorpses

it was inside the ribcage

so i took it out

my hands read the porered slip  
almost entirely vermillion

i read what it said

i read what it said

– Olchar E. Lindsann

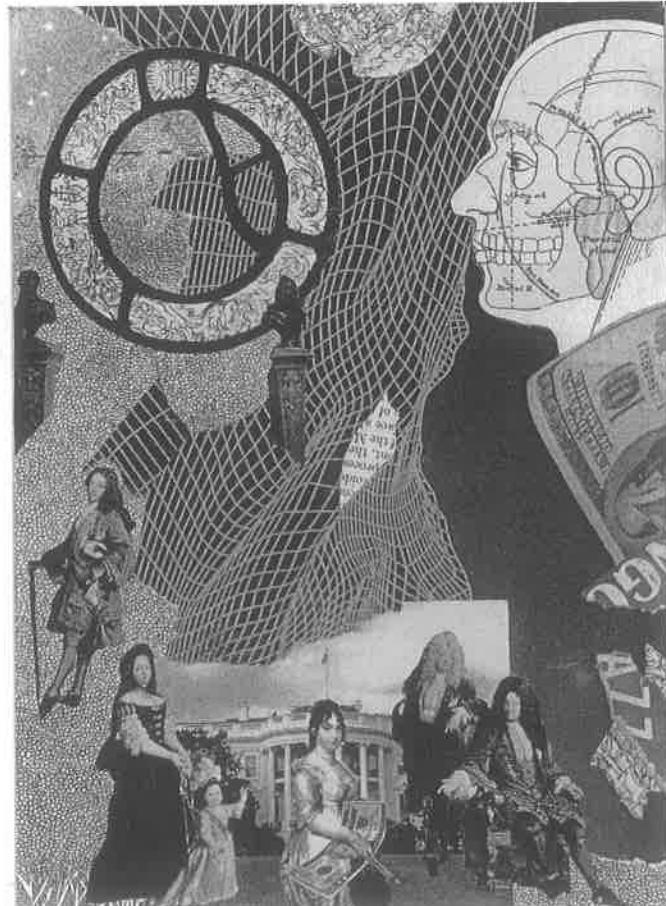
Cut A *Bxz*  
You *Hm* a  
orbit Luka-ka *R*

JUL 03 2018

– by Jim Leftwich & John M. Bennett



by Steve Dalachinsky



by John M. Bennett & Texas Fontanella

the cloudsmith's journey  
(headstands bring me life) -  
for Geoffrey Hendricks

~ by Steve Dalachinsky

1.

flying as in BUTTERED  
the becoming wi(n)dow / shaded  
dream: reached within together's part  
bottom greeting note  
greensun written down beneath >  
< the unrecognizable > to gather IN  
here where water is forbidden /  
& belly's nausea rises toward the mouth  
coming out 10 X's as a state of FLUX  
arose like hands within the death of yet another cloud  
the cloud be always in flux & never die  
but dissolve to then be solved again  
a smithy pounding them into shapeless mantras  
as the cane hobbled back to the tree  
beborns worked a life long.

2.

colors referenced for sleeping window  
become sun inside  
no longer a question  
these primaries re(a)d like a canvas of empty skycans.

3.

Oh (k)NO(w) the US in FLUX  
marking the spot where a document travels  
toward retirement a HO(l)E in soil  
a soiled vest - safaris from soho to Chelsea  
a vast human network of caring  
activity being an AID to the weak  
or strong flag as signal / or sign of allegiance

a stomach = calm or upset vulnerability

a russian race horse full of PISS

a sudden siren opening (said sleeping window)

a hot tiring afternoon / filled with comraderie / love

gentleness can represent goodness  
goodness can be ice cream...

4.

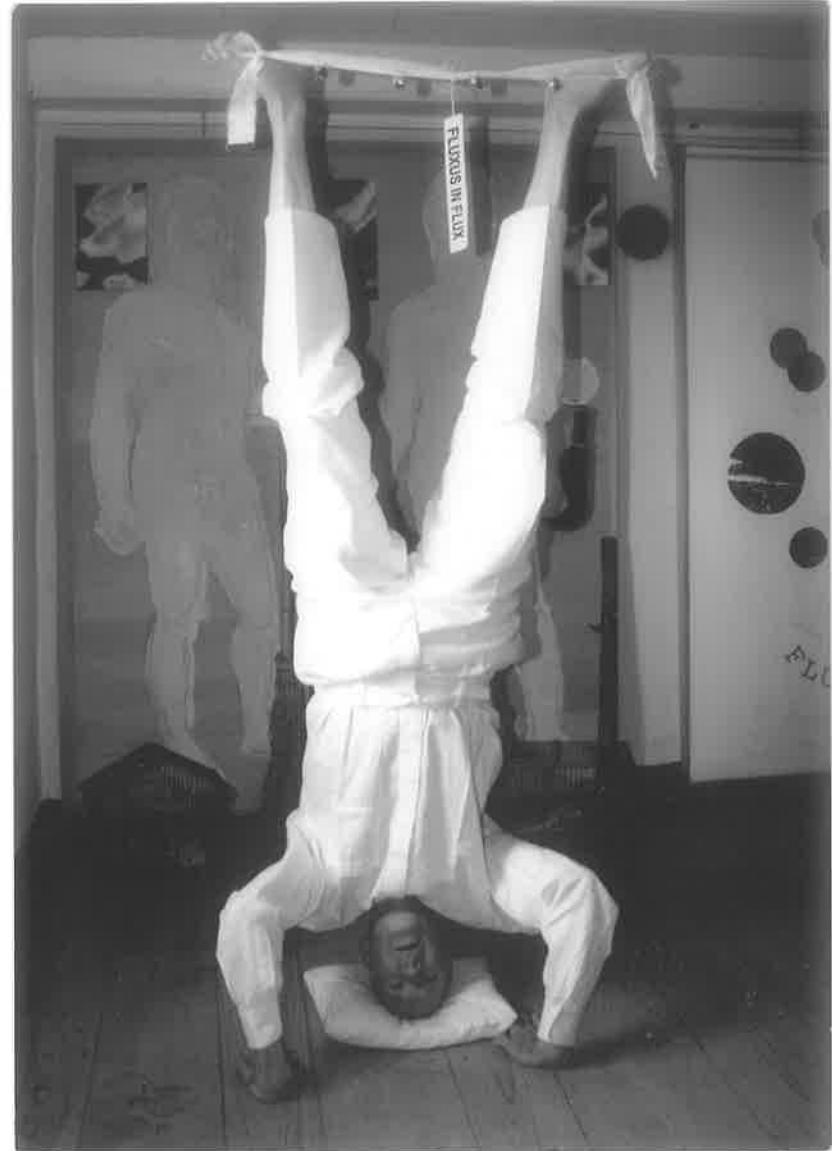
GEOF

got there  
teachers are shadows  
the only visible thing moved by a slight wind  
the clouds on sabbatical / or in mourning  
eyes crawl on paper wire  
more men more women mormons  
flew the coop  
co-operatively

which came first?

don't count them!

dalachinsky nyc 6/30/18  
at Quaker House at the memorial of Geof Hendricks



Geof Hendricks, Headstand for Ben Vautier

John M Bennett

Pled pocket(s)  
throne "", moon and crum  
bloody sea, beneath yr  
.pasmodico sp ssoy, in the  
astillas en el ojoancro  
sil vere me or onto sin  
was bherakage in yr ton  
yr flange and ythica  
ELINE it's thirsty ssoy  
ASSES THICK WITH VAS  
rabbling at the wall yr GL  
air's age a kmacak of gg  
x it naff er h ovel (sh) an  
long piss hot pain a cutu

BE BLANK

fulgor

where sweat crawls the  
rain's shirt ,assimime  
soy yo já já nadalactic  
log rotting under the  
compost heap I off you  
or tied the rope around  
your eyes ,frog cage ,sapos  
sordos del futreista

in uh there ,underwhine

stickey pants

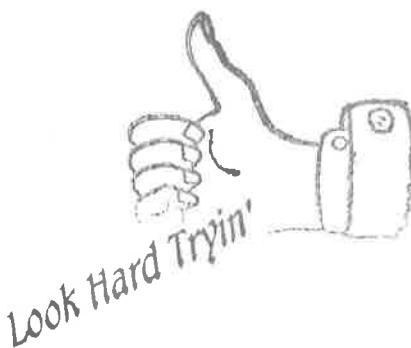
John M. Bennett

## 3 Zine Micro-Reviews

by Olchar E. Lindsann

O, **W**here have all the zines and chapbooks gone?

to PDF pixel-land  
or else to Print-on-Demand-  
The smothered night of micropress is long,  
the avant-garde wants a  
massive text-stash  
though just Luna Bisonte  
and monocle-Lash  
and a few others labour  
to keep burning cash  
to put toner on paper:  
And so we sleep in dreams of staplers til the dawn -



Of course there are others (*Stampzine*, *Letter Founder*, *TLPress*, etc.) but compared to when I entered the avant-garde nearly 20 years ago the numbers have plummeted. In the broader (non-avant) world, things aren't quite so dire – the 100+ tablers at the annual Richmond Zine Fest next month attest to this. So, here are some of the periodical zines that I've been following recently. I'll start doing the same for avant-stuff coming my way soon!

**Hot Tag!** *Issues 1–3*. by Dan Nelson, et. al. Philadelphia/Boston/Virginia. 12-24 pp. I'm not a fan of wrestling, but I'm a big fan of this wrestling fan/perzine. Dan Nelson and his circle of friends provide an enthusiastic yet critical, articulate and straightforward, progressive and genuine, confessional and social insight into the role that their shared love of pro- and amateur wrestling enriches their lives. Through the lens of wrestling, the zine touches on issues ranging from spectacle and myth to LGBTQ+ issues to RPGs to the history and economics of the Pro Wrestling leagues to struggles with addiction to practical dos-&-don'ts of wrestling as a hobby. I met them at the Richmond Zine Fest – very friendly, smart dudes. *Contact for copies etc. at hottagzine@gmail.com*

**Ripped Off Razors**, by "C", et. al. Asheville, NC. *Issues 1–5*. 6 pp. This eclectic per-zine is small, but lovingly produced in full colour – Issue 2 includes a small fold-out poster secreted within the signature-fold of a page. Its diverse contents focus on its young creator's exploration of an array of social issues and subcultures: each issue points the reader toward musicians, designers, comic artists & other zinesters comprising her cultural world. These take the form of lists, micro-essays, birthday announcements, reading lists, and the "Subculture Cut-Out Series" gracing the back of each issue, each of which depicts the paradigmatic fashions of a different subculture. These are interspersed with poetic personal essays, photography, introspective and sometimes non-linear comics, and digital collage, some by other collaborators. *Contact for copies etc. at greendolphinsaysoink@gmail.com*

**VTZ Zine**, ed. S.C. Woolbridge. Los Angeles. *Issues 1–4*. VTZ stands for: 'Volunteer Theme Zine'. For each issue, a handful of diverse artists and writers are invited to contribute a page; the work spans the confessional to the experimental to the humorous, from comics to poems to digital collage to fiction. The invited contributors suggest and vote on themes which, through a process too involved for this tiny notice, are whittled down to a single, always enigmatic phrase. These work more as open-ended prompts than the typical "subject-matter" themes typical to many journals, readings, and exhibits. Therefore, these themes work to pick out relationships between the diverse contributions, without bending contributors to "subject matter" removed from their creative concerns or (in the case of much avant-garde work) altogether disqualifying those for whom "subject matter" is not even a relevant category. The result is a loose, engaging, and unpredictable relationship between participants.

blat blat blat blat blat blat blat blat blat blat

Selections from  
the Collab-Fest  
Table @ AfterMAF  
2018, by participants  
& Guests—initiated  
by Jim Leftwich

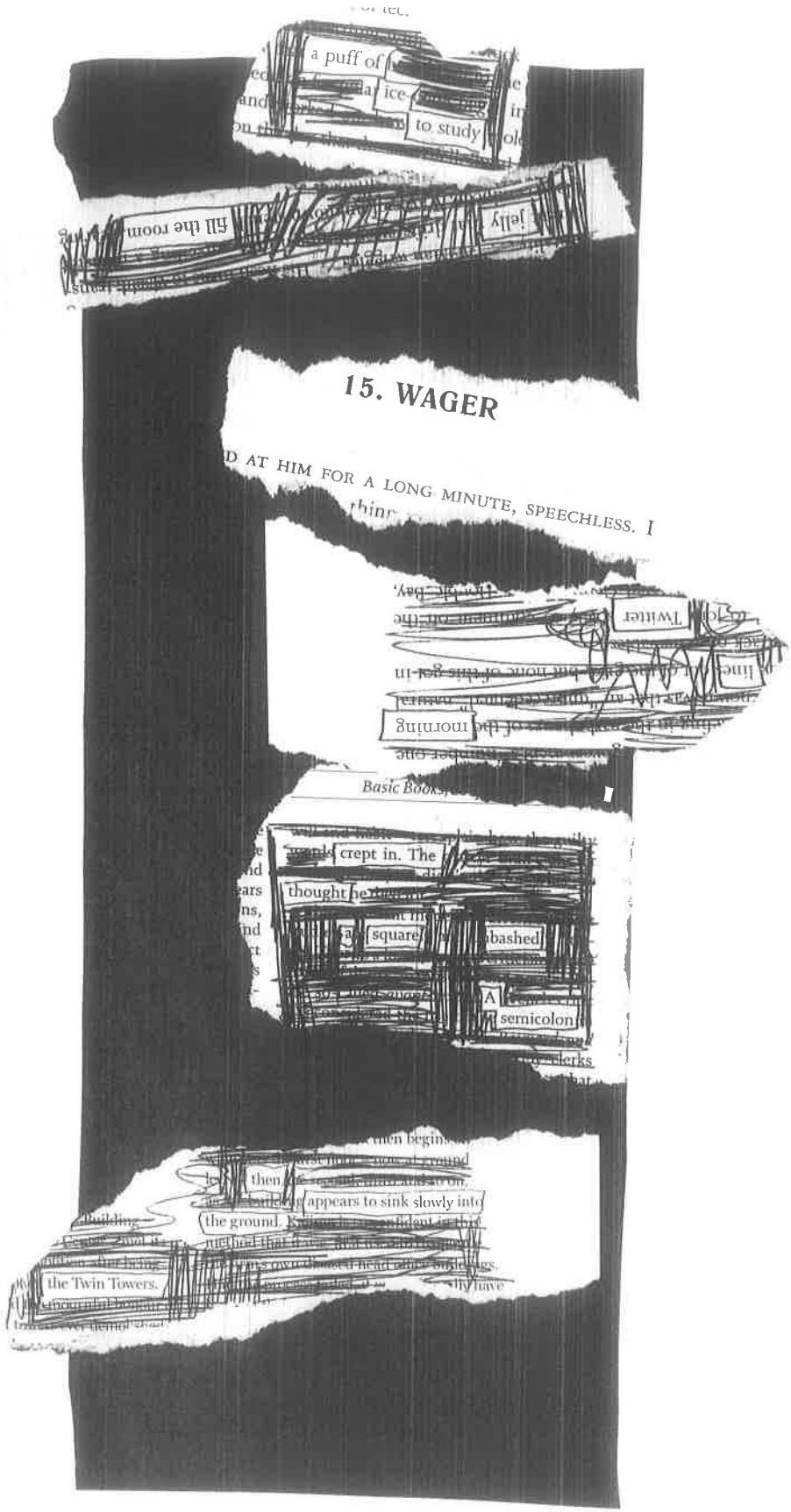
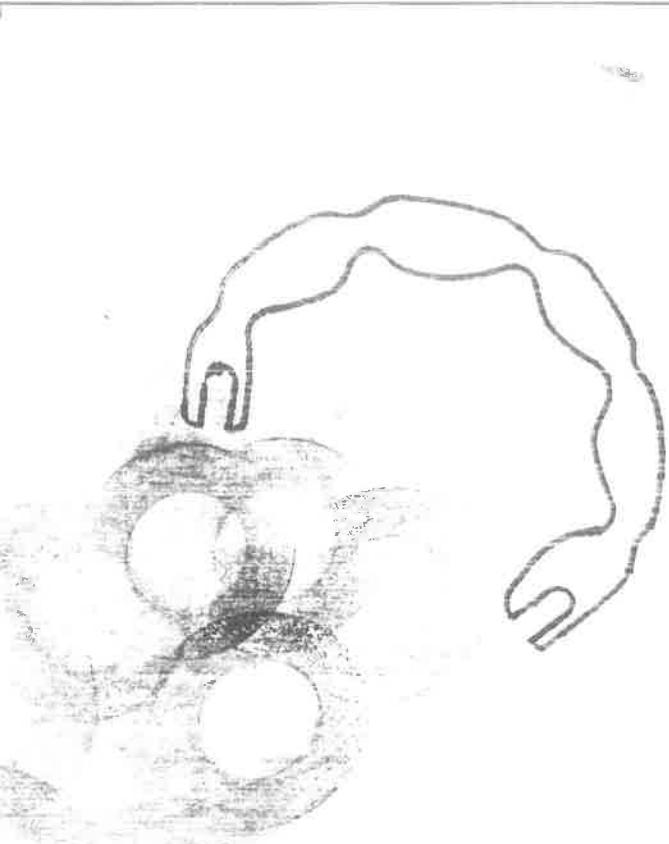
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# (more from the AfterMAF Collab Fest)

By Guests of AfterMAF

• Joshua: through a river

Before we can claim one of God's promises, we need to know if He is talking to us or not

- Gideon: victory in battle (Jud. 6: 16).
- Saul: abilities needed as king (1 Sam. 10:6).
- David: a son to build the temple (2 Sam. 7).
- Solomon: wisdom and riches (1 Ki. 3:10-14).
- Hezekiah: 15 more years of life (2 Ki. 20:5-6).

18

us, the assume a unchanging promise in relation, people. For example, the Lord told the apostle Paul, "My strength is perfect in weakness," ; was addressing a specific situation in Paul's life— "thorn in the flesh" of 2 Corinthians 12:7-10. That truth applies to all people who recognize weakness and reach

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(Ps. 145:9, 16, 18-20).

Before we can claim one of God's promises, we need to know if He is talking to us or not.

## What has God promised to all people?

A few of the promises that apply to all inhabitants of the earth include: salvation to those who believe and condemnation to all who reject Christ (Jn. 3:16-18); the assurance that the earth

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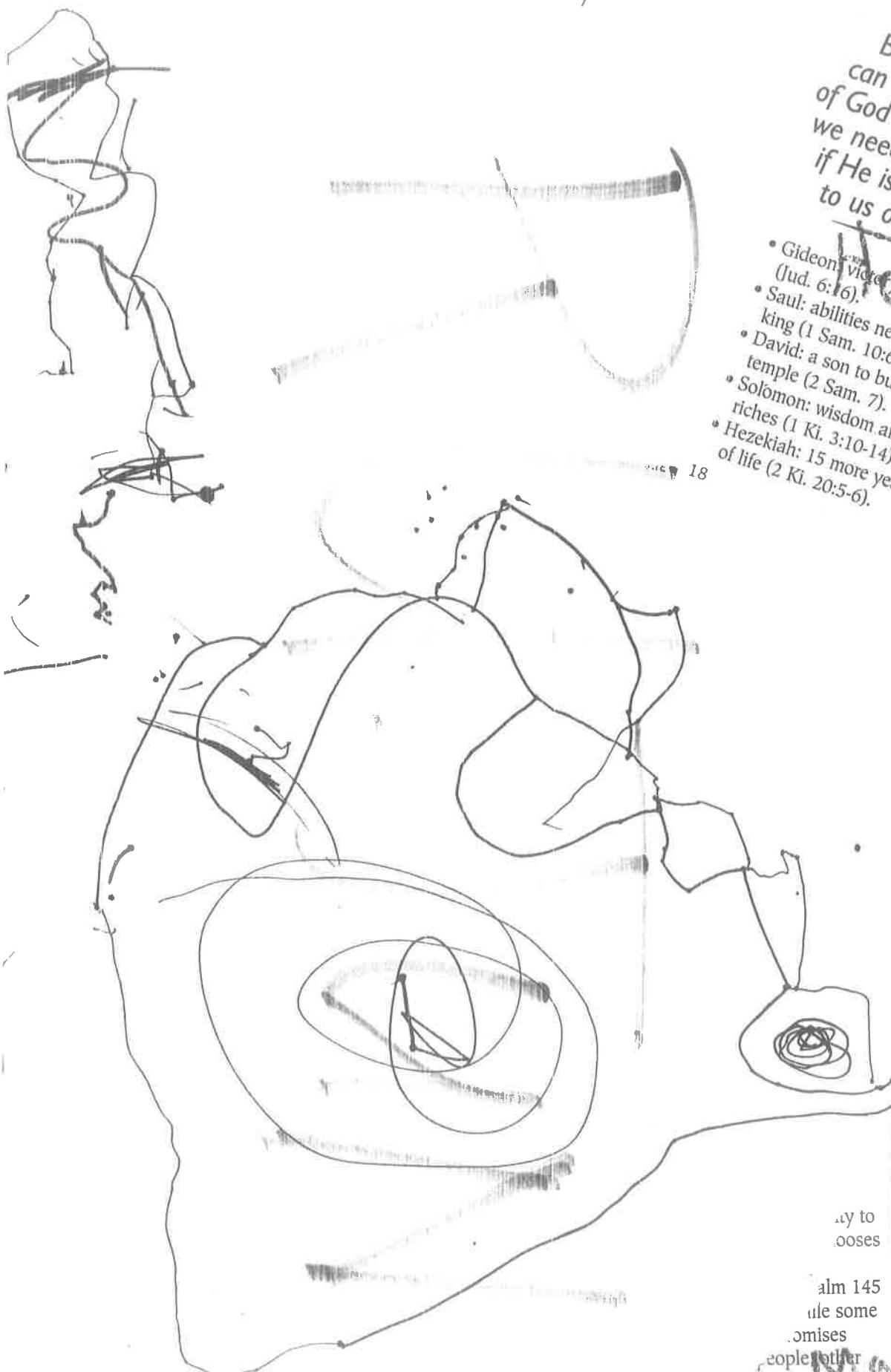
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## What I Did on My Summer Holiday

It was *cheap*—that was the main thing. You'd think people would be killing each other for tickets. You know how people are these days—everybody has to have a vacation. Pack the kids in the car and haul them off to Disneyland or Yosemite or wherever the hounds in their shorts and baseball caps are going this year. Wretched places, and Paris is no better any more, nor London, nor Tokyo, hell, not even San Paolo. I'd almost given up on finding a place where one can *really* get away.

Then Captain Paolombishu found me, with his glowing descriptions of a country I'd never heard of before, not even on the television or the internet, someplace where there were no *tourists*; in fact, almost *nobody* seemed to be going there—nobody I knew anyway. But it was a beautiful place, he assured me, and it turned out he was right. I forgot the name of it, but that's just as well. Otherwise it would be chock-full of vacationers by next season.

I was thus cautiously elated as I watched the odd travel-agent with his odd accent and odd-smelling cologne trundle away from me into the evening shadows. Odd, too, his business-methods; approaching strangers randomly in the street with crumpled brochures and greasy plane-tickets ready at hand—he seemed less like a travel agent than one of those shady hucksters peddling fake rolex watches. I'd almost brushed him off for that very reason, until the glint of gold beneath his coat convinced me to give him a chance. And he had a golden tongue, too—quite the speaker, at least as far as I could gather, though I admit I had some trouble with the accent. A very distinguished accent—very beautiful, graceful, exotic. That plus the gold had made me trust him. He clearly loved his nation—whatever the name was—and the ribbons and medals I saw under his coat, which he was too polite to mention, gleamed respectability. And his glowing descriptions of safaris, of nights under the open stars, of real adventure in a far-flung place distant from the contamination of travelers, of modern mumbujumbo. I would be able to see the *real* country, become one with its inhabitants, learn their ways, live their life. And the price! Of course, I could easily have paid for a month in Moscow or Madrid or Berlin—but why bleed so much cash only to be surrounded by *tourists*?

Admittedly, they *do* cut corners, this nation (something with a lot of “O’s...), but this merely accentuates the exotic flair. I was surprised at the 3 AM departure time, and even moreso when I found myself the only flier. I was even more startled—momentarily—to discover Captain Paolombishu squeezed into the tiny cockpit of the small, battered plane which, it seemed, would transport me on the first leg of my journey. So he was a pilot, not (as I had somehow assumed) a benign retired military officer of some sort. The ways of the world are inscrutable.

by Sir Chad Niral-Nelson

### leaving the drugstore

the shadow its heat a tongue  
brief letter E in lightless  
grass blank toys and water  
mark your buried knives

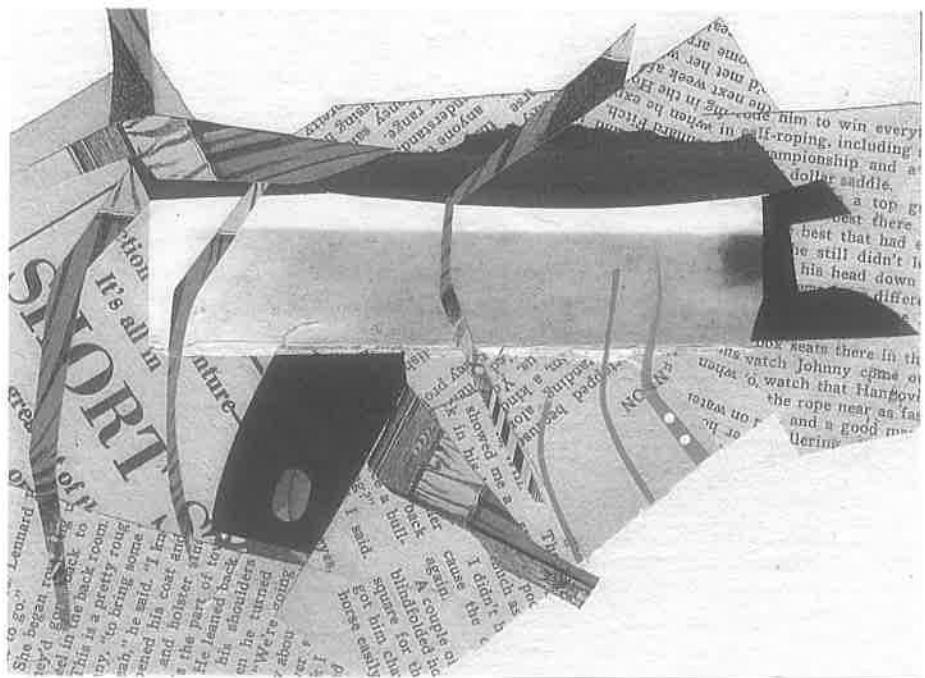
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aphasia's wind speech  
worms dancing in a body  
box of burning alphabets

silhouettes spin in parentheses  
doubled syntax missing your  
marble doubt an inky flag dissolves

*Recombinant distorted condensation of  
Ivan Argüelles' Sonnets 92-100*

—by M. M. Müller



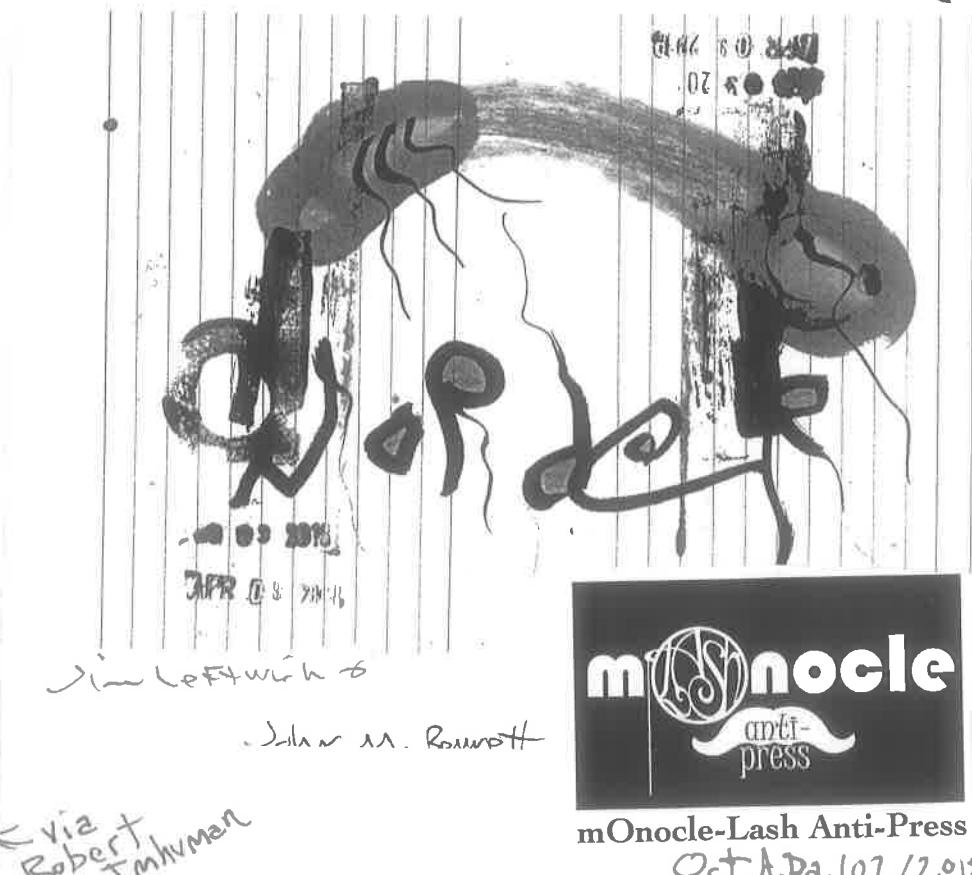
by John M. Bennett

Anti-Anti-Anti- *itnA nuehT* Anti-Anti-Anti-  
AFTERMATH 2018 AFTERTHANKS!!!

## Anti-Anti-*inA* *nuehT*

Wow! From the Collabfest offerings of **Jim Leftwich**, the rapiered words of CHS's **Zine Club Emeriti**, to **Catherine Mehrl Bennett**'s installations and flux infused aaaaaactions, all the awesome **Monocle Lashes**, **John M. Bennett**'s chawed maw poems and **Be-Blanketing n' dream re-dreaming** fun, **Chloe Harnett-Hargrove**'s crafty zine collections, to **Megan Blafas-Chriss**'s assemblage-ed sacrifice, **Erin Hunter** and **Wilheim Katastrof**'s appropriated tune-age, **Reid Wood**'s gift-giving, donut disappearing infinitude, the neck wrenching wisdoms of meat rhymer **Bradley Chriss**, the gut-defying butoh dreak-bancing **Julie Bectum Gillum**, **Xambuca** - three folded blade of weird from Ashville - **Chandra Shukla**'s careening sound, **Geo Lynx**'s digivisual mayhem, **Elisa Faires**'s **CRACKER DADA!!!** and noise-some expressssssions, and **Claire Elizabeth Barratt**, matron of movement, wrangler of the Asheville invasion and crusher of constant collaboration, to the tinctured priest of fire-crotches (I should know), **The Emotron**, the electro-oral craziness of **Deral F. Fenderson**, to **Jennifer Weigel**'s generative/ous action packs, **Amy Oliver** and **Jen Hazel**'s sock-lodged eulogy of laughs, the likes of **David Beris Edwards** in our mouths smile(oh the fuck i did!)-wise, the Blacksburg phalanx; **Claire Constantikes**, **Kaily M Schenker**, **Miles Washington**, and **Tater Fraterabo**'s twisted harsh noiseomeness, and - adding to the Asheville awesomeness - **David Lynch** and **Meg Mulhearn**'s reality rending riffs and cycles; screaming of which, **Andrew Mathews Neural Necrosized** improv harshness, and **Wayne Llywelyn's Khate Reutling** rendition, and cro-magHUNG recruitment of time-lost survivors, and **Bailey Bowers**, **Noah Trout**, and **Jacob Browning** - best acolytes a priest of anti could hope for, to **Tim Yaddow**'s unrelenting beer/food/ride/enthusiasm giving nuture-craft, **Wilheim Katastrof** and **Brian Counihan**'s feast constructing time and sweat, to **Ralph Eaton**'s open and warm husbandry of it all; he's a video hero and so much more, and to **Olchar E. Lindsann**, organ/poem/word/lecture/legend-izer of the anti, what an incredible AfterMAF! Thank you all! And here's to AfterMAF 2019! We nurse the lambs of infinity!!!

—by Warren C. Fry (& let's add, Warren Fry's Axe-hacking bars, & Mr. Thursday's... best left unsaid...)



#### mOnocle-Lash Anti-Press

Oct. A.D. 102/2018